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**ANNIVERSARIES
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LEONARD HUXLEY**



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ANNIVERSARIES

TO
MY FELLOW WAYFARERS

ANNIVERSARIES

BY LEONARD HUXLEY

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1920

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
ANNIVERSARIES	I
POETS TO BE	2
WAYFARERS	4
APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH	6
THE BATHER	10
THE PASS OF THE THOUSAND STEPS	12
THE ROCK GARDEN	15
HELVETIA REDITURA	18
THE HERBETET HUT	20
THE WATERFALL	23
THE PINE-TREE	24
BALLADE OF THE ARGENTIÈRE	25
FROM THE FELLSIDE	27
DOWN AWAY	28
A VISION OF MAY	31
SPEEDWELL	32
BABLOCKHITHE	33
JULY	35
"NINETEEN"	36
NOVEMBER	38
A MIDWINTER BIRTHDAY	39
IN WINTER TIME	40
SYLVESTER EVE	41

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MORNING IN LONDON	43
BALLADE OF ST. MARTIN'S CLOCK	44
SEAWARD	46
BE STILL, CONTENT THEE	48
FIRST LOSS	50
THE HERB OF YOUTH	51
BYGONE SPRING	52
THE INHERITOR	53
REDITUS VERIS	54
TRIOLETS	56
A BEETHOVEN NIGHT	57
THE " UNFINISHED " SYMPHONY	59
ENCELADUS :	
I. WAR WITH THE GODS	62
II. CHORIC SONG OF THE SICILIAN PEASANTS MAKING DEVOUT PIL- GRIMAGE TO THE SUMMIT OF ETNA	65
III. BENEATH ETNA : ENCELADUS SPEAKS	68
RASPLATA	71
ABSCHIED	73
WHEN STORMS ARE DONE	74
OXFORD REVISITED	75
THE WHITE AND THE RED	76
NEW YEAR, 1919	77
THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN	78

Acknowledgment is gratefully made to *The Cornhill Magazine*, *The Westminster Gazette*, and *The Spectator*, in which various of these poems first appeared.

ANNIVERSARIES

SWEET is it at the darkest of the year—

That interlunar cave
Between the moons of autumn and of spring—
To light the lamps of home, and summon here
Into the charmèd firelit ring
Belovèd presences, gracious or grave,
As once they were, or still for touch and seeing,
Stars memoried, or stays of present being.

Each year's appointed days of memory
An altering garner store ;
Still beckoning future joys to be their own
They call to meet them a dim company,
Phantoms of joy returning lone—
Of joy once shared with those that share no more ;
And gladness, in the soul's home come to rest,
Is couched with grief, an undeparting guest.

Yet pluck the soft plumes from the wings of sorrow
And make a resting-place
Where joyous children, nestling close and warm,
Clear-eyed and confident shall wait the morrow,
Nor guess how the encircling arm
Drew from old wounds the secret of such grace,
Making these days so exquisitely dear
That in remembrance joys alone appear.

POETS TO BE

CHILDHOOD lives in a fairy world

Where fancy mints the sterling gold,
And thought's free charter grants for truth
The strangest tales by the senses told.

'Tis a little world with a crystal roof

Where the world without comes shining through
In tangled pictures oddly blent
Like a bather's limbs in the stream askew.

So from its haunt in a still, brown pool

Some water-creature might glimpse the sky,
See crooked tops to the tall, straight trees,
All tangled the more as the wind brushed by,

Till, pressed by the moving hand of power

Through silent growth to the stroke of change,
It clambers up past the trancing film
To an airy world with a wider range,

And clinging high to some marsh-grown stem,

Green rush or feathery reed, can hold
The sun at its heart, and, full of joy,
Shudders, and lo ! dream wings unfold.

POETS TO BE

Youth, like the dragon-fly, exquisite-winged,
Breaks from his sheath, of a sudden free,
And sees, where the infinite hems him round,
New life, new light, new liberty.

Youth is yours, wings are yours ; spread them and fly,
Sons of mine, so shall you sing and rejoice ;
Spread them and soar with them out to the wild,
To sight of the vision, to sound of the voice.

Soar—where the poet sees life in its sphere,
Stoop—for the gems in earth's bosom concealed ;
Seek the great tides of the spirit of man,
Grasp, in the lowliest, beauty revealed.

Nourish the flame that youth lights in your heart,
Poetry's fires, still ageless in age ;
Strengthen the wings for their measureless flight,
Poetry's utterance, custom would cage.

Sing—and your ardour by song shall endure ;
See—and by insight all things shall be new ;
Eyes by the vision poetic be clear,
Life by the ardour poetic be true.

WAYFARERS

ACROSS the moorlands and the open wind-swept spaces
And country commons unenclosed,
Past farm and field, hedgerow and fruitful orchard places,
The quiet lanes run by,
And the great roads,
Wherefrom the wanderer's eye,
Made free of beauty, roams in ecstasy
O'er sea and sky to clear delight composed.

Smile the near woodlands, all their starry heart revealing,
And far-seen, through the chance hedge-gap,
Hill-gleams of shimmering blue, mysterious depths concealing ;
Or where calm valleys break
The windy ridge,
Lo ! each a golden lake,
Ripens the treasure that by toil men take
From earth's un giving, unwithholding lap.

Stir of the woods, airs of the moorlands still untaken
By man's indomitable toil,
Breathe the breath of the wild in the ordered fields, and waken
In hearts that understand
Life to be lived ;
And on the ancient land
Joy as of endless morning lays her hand,
And youth undying springs from this dear soil.

WAYFARERS

Ways ever open, ever free for such communion,
With what despair your pilgrim sees
Where man has wrought and Nature joined in loveliest union,
Upraised a stubborn wall ;
Knows parked and pent
Beyond his utmost call
Things best beloved ; only where trees are tall
May guess the flower-starred depths, the freshening breeze.

Comrades and lovers ! O beloved on my life's wayfaring !
Your hearts are what the woodlands show :
Your love the airs that from the mountains breathe, repairing
The labour and the stress,
The road's fatigue ;
Draw near again to bless,
Though jealous walls, the woodland past, oppress,
And bar your access to the way I go.

I hear you, though the appointed barrier stands unbroken
That bids us leave a world unsaid ;
Clear call, I hear you—watchword cried afar for token
That parted ways shall spell
Meeting at last,
The heart its burden tell.
O comrades, forward ! On the open fell
No wall debars ; the road is free to tread.

APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH

Do you ask me if I too
Love the flowers so dear to you
Tricked out by a lavish spring
In brightest liveries for a king
Who holds a court more brilliant far
Than summers in our Northland are ?
There where purple mountains face
Rival blues in sea and sky—
Sun-suffused, aerial space,
Waves of liquid lazuli—
Nature's minions, sculpturing slow
Rib and buttress, curious groins,
And pinnacles with fretted quoins,
A marvellous amphitheatre built,
Whose seaward, skyward sides aglow
Catch the sunlight, prodigal spilt.
There the tide of flowering things
Sun-begotten, following still
The generous power's triumphant will,
Flooding from Earth's vital springs
Sweeps o'er violet-haunted dales
And orange groves with orchis starred
And thickets where the roses guard
The loud, love-challenging nightingales,

APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH

Past the jonquil meadows sweet,
Past hayfields fringed with barren plume
Of blue grape-hyacinths' spiry bloom,
And flower-shoes for no earth-child's feet,
"Our Lady's Slippers," crimson dyed ;
Past red windflowers on the broad hillside,
And fragrant heath and tall bluebell
And cytissus and asphodel,
Till high above the trellised vine
And lemon-grove beloved of bees,
The sentinel cypress and crookt pine
Bid the last terraced olives cease,
And the full waves of that great tide
Break on the hill in beauty wide
With white narcissus for their foam.

But yet bethink you how at home
Bare earth will soon put on her dress
Of subtler-woven loveliness,
When cloudier April, greyer spring,
That shy'er coming, slower fade,
Silver each brake and leafless glade
With gauzy mists of blossoming.

Not here those ardent suns unloose
Colour on colour to burn the eye,
All Nature's palette spilt profuse
For blaze of generous pageantry.
Here less of fire and more of dew,
A fragrance of less heady wine,
A charm each spring more subtly new,

APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH

A grace more virginal and fine.
Soon will pale blackthorn fringe with lace
The sombre yew-trees on the down—
And gorse make glad each empty space
Between the ploughland and the town.
Soon will the Whitsun hay stand deep
In water-meads, and oxeye bold
'Mid buttercup and sorrel keep
A true Field of the Cloth of Gold,
And bluebells thick in budding woods
Stretch pool on pool from tree to tree,
All heaven in their dew-drenched floods
Of blue that mock your Midland sea.
And earlier yet, while young leaves lie
Still folded in their sheaths of brown
On branches bare, my heart will cry
With joy to see spread all adown
Hedgerow and woodland glade, the best
Of all to me and loveliest,
Pale darling of our backward spring,
The primrose, type of innocent grace
'Twixt child and woman, imaging
From shadowy dreams the unknown face
And aspect of real things to be ;
With scent—the very fragrance shed
By Love, in winged uncertainty
Hovering about some girlish head ;
Fragrance that faint and intimate
Lingers to crown the lover's kiss,
One perfect moment, howso fate
Deals out the ultimate pain or bliss.

APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH

Lover of these, were I with you,
What dreams of rapture we'd pursue !
But April's here ! Were you with me
We'd know life's dearest mystery !

THE BATHER

STILL is the lake ; in lucent air
Serene o'er its own shadow bowed,
The wet hill hangs, as faintly fair
And unsubstantial as a cloud.
Still is the lake ; clear skies to-day
Succeed the rains of yester-night ;
The dark flood-waters idly play
With shadowed hill, with misty light.
No single sound breaks in ; I hear
The breath, it seems, of living earth ;
Near things seem far, and far things near,
Like visions of celestial birth.
Secure in such still solitude
The wild-fowl dot the distant bay,
And seagulls that of late pursued
Through restless seas their hard-won prey,
In this deep inland calm take tithe
Of easy spoil.

Here as I pass
A mower cuts with old-world scythe
Slow-falling swaths of sedgy grass,
Whose yellowing fringe winds close about
The wrinkled bank, where level lake
And meadow-flat wind in and out
And mimic bays and headlands make :—

THE BATHER

Sole figure in this lonely space,
He swings and pauses, turns and swings,
Nor heeds the glory of the place,
Nor of these far, uplifting things,
Man's heritage, claims any share.

One long field, by sweet runnels fed,
That in the South mere ditches were,
But here spired plantain rears its head
And grey-eyed yarrow's silvery lip
Smiles norland welcome :—Last, a row
Of screening alders ; there I strip
And barefoot through soft grasses go
Where Derwent, curving to the mere,
Swift in his seeming stillness slides,
A moving mirror, darkly clear,
Deep-pooled beneath his hanging sides.

Poised for the plunge, erect I take
The benison of the sun : I see
The toil-bound mower by the lake
Still swing his scythe, but I am free.
I poise, I plunge :—the mirrored hills
Rise up to meet me as I leap.
How the cool stream my body thrills,
Silken and soft and fresh as sleep !

THE PASS OF THE THOUSAND STEPS

PASS of the Thousand Steps—by vanished men
Of ancient generations delved and dight,
Scarce-trodden staircase to the lonely height
That joins green shore and solitary glen,
The work stands witness past the centuries
To those grave builders in their steadfast might,
Briton or Roman, conquered or conqueror,
Whether for traffic built and civic ease,
Or planned for forays and the swifter spoils of war.

But we who break this solitude to-day
An age-long solitude of silent years,
Follow no more the glint of raiders' spears
Nor pack-slaves sweating up the stony way ;
Gain seek not nor dominion ; for our quest,
Child of long peace, and free from alien fears,
Turns to more gracious use their rude design,
And on the heights whereto they blindly pressed,
Uplifted we see visions for their sight too fine.

Men change and pass ; the earth-power cradling all,
Moves as it moved on its unhasting march
Before the Roman learned the bridging arch,
Before the Cymry felt a conqueror's thrall.
Hateful to them the aspect of these rocks
Deep graved by frosts that splinter, suns that parch,

THE PASS OF THE THOUSAND STEPS

Which now we love ; and o'er yon glimpse of sea
The west wind shepherding his cloudy flocks
Spoke but the need of shelter from the storm to be.

With alien eyes they saw this self-same track
Skirt the dark llyn's rock-shadowed depths and thread
These cool, wet pastures to the far dale-head ;
Saw these bright ferns cling in each stony crack,
Saw purple heath, with knots of golden gorse,
For Rhinog's royal state a mantle spread,
This matted moss with sundew's pearls besprent,
And butterworts beside this marshy course
Like green stars shining in a grassy firmament.

We, later breed of less imperious clay,
Climb lightly what they built with stifled groan
And labouring breath—image it, stone on stone,
Step upon step, across the trackless way
A steadfast path, whereon the questing soul
May surely pass the untraversed hills, and lone,
Uncharted, high, estranging solitudes,
With airs too thin for common breath, that roll
'Twixt heart and heart far off with mutual longing viewed.

What though in mind we never may attain
That cheerful hope, nor soul to soul embrace,
Yet well if firm awhile our steps we base
Where underfoot the stones we tread on, strain
The myrtle scent from fragrant mountain leaves
And the far outlook swims through ampler air ;

THE PASS OF THE THOUSAND STEPS

And if we pause, lo ! where we lie, the grass
Green blades and tiniest flowers for carpet weaves,
And to our being unsought a thousand beauties pass.

Though idle hope that visionary bourne
May never reach, still these old stones shall rest
A landmark of the unconsummated quest
That leaves not even the unfinding heart forlorn.
Nay, haply, we being gone, its stairs may guide
New souls to visions by us unpossessed
That wait their finer insight to remove
The veil from powers that join us or divide,
Life, change and death—death and all-reconciling love.

NOTE.—A few miles south of Harlech Castle an unfrequented road leaves the coast and, following a transverse glen into the heart of the hills, merges at last in a solitary track, which crosses a rocky col into the wide valley beyond. This track is carried over the steep ascent by a long flight of steps, massive slabs of native stone roughly kerbed on either side, and nearly all still in position as they were placed by the unknown builders of a forgotten antiquity.

THE ROCK GARDEN

SEE, little gardener, in this coign
Of garden ground, our work is done ;
Brave shows our rockery by the wall
Set for alternate shade and sun.

But yesterday mere stones and earth :—
Unmeaning stones in casual heaps,
Unsightly earth by cartloads shot,
No beauty owns nor fairy keeps.

Two spades, a barrow, willing hands,
Much nature-love, a pinch of art,
And ledge and cranny, nook and shelf,
To careless-seeming order start.

A rockery, so others say :—
We know it for the bodily frame
Where dwells, serene in lowland air,
The spirit that the hills acclaim.

This tiny cliff of quarried stone
Shall bear your thoughts to craggier heights,
And these same crannied flowers revive
Visions of clearer Alpine lights.

THE ROCK GARDEN

With purple throat and lip of gold
We saw this creeping toadflax trail
Grey stems upon the cold grey slopes
Of bare moraine or crumbling shale.

In clefts below the gaunt ice-foot
This close-pressed saxifrage I found,
And where we rested in our climb
That starry cluster gemmed the ground.

O'er the Blue Glacier, windswept, sheer,
The Black Crag lours ; right from its crest
I plucked the tufted seed, whence sprang
This windflower, nodding to the west.

And this, that in a tumbling stream
Splashed isles like living sunshine, here
By sunken tub and runlet thin
Shall point with gold the glowing year.

Nor of the towered Alps only breathe
These blossomed memories ; marsh and moor,
Woodlands and wolds in this dear isle
Their tributary influence pour.

This was the sea-pink's seed, last crown
Of royal Tintagel's ruinous hold ;
That kingfern clung to wild sea-cliffs
By Merlin haply known of old.

THE ROCK GARDEN

And dearer still for friendship's sake
The norland forest's blue-eyed guest ;
And, shy child of the wilderness,
This white wood-lily from the west ;

Or that close herb whose breathèd name
The very breath and air might be
Of uplands where it threads with blue
The woven grass—Jasioné.

Here in the heat and stress we catch
That vivifying breath ; we feel
Nature's large touch, her mothering hand
To soothe or strengthen, round us steal,

Whether in joy's uncounted hours
She whispers of life's vaster ring,
Or calms despair with mightier thoughts
That make of grief a holy thing.

O little gardener, we have learned
This lore together, you and I ;
Will you, as I, in years to come
Recall this dear affinity ?

And yet enough, if but my hand
In aught has helped you make this toy
With flowers and stones and loving toil
A forecourt to the shrine of joy.

HELVETIA REDITURA

SNOWFIELDS and bleak, star-searching crags,
Lone pastures, soft with sound
Of far-off bells' enchanted chime
And falling waters round,

And valleys, where the hurrying sun
Heaps tardy summer up
'Twixt snow and snow, and brims with warmth
Her life-engendering cup—

Far off, 'mid less inspiring airs
Of my low, sea-worn land,
Let my tired eyes one moment close
And these are near at hand.

Gone are the dusty streets, the air
Thick with the city's breath ;
Uprise the peaks, upsprings the breeze
That haunts the ice beneath.

Once more the dancing lanterns lead
Across the starlit snows ;
Once more the darkling blue grows cold,
The pale dawn spreads and glows.

HELVETIA REDITURA

Once more the crisp snow seems to lend
Strange speed to eager feet,
Till the cold glories of the dawn
Merge in the cloudless heat.

I quit the snow : I grip the rock,
The grinning "chimney" try,
And glorious struggling, breathless, torn,
Thread the "Gold Needle's" eye.

Toil, triumph, rest ; then in the immense
Embrace of silence glows
One unimaginable hour
The plainsman never knows.

But lids unclosed, and you are gone,
Dear visionary gleam.
Was it the passing motor mocked
The torrent in my dream ?

The pile of papers on my desk—
Was this my dream-*sérac* ?
My truant pen the axe that hewed
Steps in its broad, white back ?

Go, vision, for you must ; but not
Too far ; and when I'm fain
For your dear freshness, come and peep
Through my closed lids again.

THE HERBETET HUT

Look ! past these shaly slopes, on that green patch
That cups a little spring and richly spreads
Gold flowers and blue for welcome to our feet,
That shall be home to-night ; with rude stone walls,
Low roof and leaky if it rains, rough couch,
A tiny chalet full of fragrant hay
Bare perched upon the bare, lone mountain side ;
With solitary slopes, high bastioned in,
Unpastured by companionable herds
Necklaced with bells that at each movement make
Such music to our ears as opening flowers
Stirred by the sun-steeped wind, would waken low
For fairy hearing of the elves that dance
Beyond the joyous dawn. These wild, still slopes
Are haunted but by shy, horned mountain things,
By silent interchange of day and night,
Snow-loosing sun and eyes of dewy stars,
And the large visitation of the winds.

This shall be home for us ; all day, all night,
For bourdon of earth's choric song, in the wild
Made clear, the solemn, indeterminate boom
Of distant torrents fills the gaps of thought,
Insistent, monitory, unappeased,
An organ voice, unheard in the shrill whirl
And clatter of streets, that tells of what has been,

THE HERBETET HUT

And is, and what shall be. Through all our days
We strive with Nature, but she takes her own
At last, and we decline the fight, and yield
Our bodies and our visions unfulfilled,
Leaving alone for those that follow us
A shining thread impalpable, as fine
As that which Odin wove to bind the wolf
Fenrir, the enemy of gods and men.
He wove it of the tiniest things that pass
From sense to soul, from Nature's heart to man's,
And passing, touch and soothe and make no stir
At all ; as when a mother, passing by
About her household work, one instant lays
A soft touch on the face of her sleeping child
And wakes it not, but makes the sleep more sweet
And calm and full of freshness ; so we leave
More than the moment's memory of our names.
Loves, hopes, renunciations, fortitudes,
And strength to drive and pity to sustain,
Of these is wrought the filmy thread that holds
Man's world secure in the flux of Nature's world,
And shapes the pattern for the woof of life
To be, and guides the weaver whose live deeds
Are the web's self, so in the tropic seas
Where fairy atolls dot the unplumbed main
Like foam-fringed lilies anchored in the blue,
Or where the Great Reef, battling with the surge,
Bars for a thousand miles the long-pulsed rush
And heave of waters sweeping undeterred
Half the world round, the tiny corals build
Betwixt the breakers and the lifeless deep,

THE HERBETET HUT

The building of the past for base, their own
The wider base for buildings mightier still,
A house of life the imperishable dead
Uphold against the shocks of time and chance.

Dusk gathers in the valley ; on the clear
Sun-keeping heights, best jewelled at the last,
The voices cease not, whom with glad hearts men
Hear, or self-pity :—but serene they speak
Now of the appointed measure of joy, and now
Of hopes austere, by no bright phantom hue
Of visionary wishes gilded o'er,
Voices of springing waters, voices of winds
Above me, round me, that past splintered peaks
Float out in ragged drifts of sound, or make
Of scarred, rough gulleys and rude-fluted clefts
Strange hautboy throats, reedy of utterance, dim
And slurred, ever waiting for interpreter
The heart that Nature teaches, Nature loves.

Dusk gathers, and across the golden flowers
In their green cup, we turn to that low cot,
Its tiny shelter in the immense, its hearth
For human comfort under the stars' eyes,
The cold eyes of the planets and the stars ;
So small to front the silences of space,
So lonely to outface the unplumbed vast,
Yet in the unharvested, unpastured heights
It stands for all mankind, and to the call
Of those dim powers and prophecies of fate
It answers low : " This shall be home to-night."

THE WATERFALL

SHEER falls the stream, a thousand feet,
Sheer down the mountain's buttressed wall,
In silver shafts whose pulses beat
The moments as they pause and fall.

Last night's wild clouds about the crest
Linger, the grey just pierced with blue,
As though beyond their depths unguessed
The infinite showed faintly through.

Out of the mists, itself a mist,
Of momentary glory fain,
By frail air cradled, fleet rays kissed,
It leaps—to seek the mists again.

Lo ! Nature, with one touch supreme,
Through beauty's slow-unravelling veil,
Hints the large truth, the immortal scheme,
Life's passage down the cyclic scale.

THE PINE-TREE

HIGH on the bluff the soaring pine
Lifts up his head against the sky ;
He hears the torrent roar below,
He sees the mists go swirling by.

Firm sentinel, his ceaseless watch
Shelters the valley, holds the cloud ;
The wandering winds that pass his ward
Call forth his challenge, low or loud.

He builds the cottage, feeds the fire,
And at the last, root, stock and branch,
In one vast wreckage spends his strength
To stem the engulfing avalanche.

BALLADE OF THE ARGENTIÈRE

“ THE singing Mason building walls
Of gold ” with fancy richly dight,
Wrought of yon snows Adventure’s halls
For kilted dame and hob-nailed knight ;
And there set one, erect and slight,
On “ Running Water’s ” frozen stair,
A marvel in plain folks’ despite,
The Girl of the Argentière.

Strange novice ! When the mountain calls,
She like a veteran takes the height,
Swings outward to the ramp that falls,
With foot unflinching poised upright.
For hers unknown her father’s might,
Of Alpine art unconscious heir.
Faith smiles : *we* fain would track by sight
The Girl of the Argentière.

From Lognan, lantern-light forestalls
The dawn ; day prints us, black on white,
A string of busy flies that crawls
Ice-long, or—peril exquisite—
The spidery line our axes write
Up the last face ; those steeps, that air
Proclaim what marvellous powers incite
The Girl of the Argentière.

BALLADE OF THE ARGENTIÈRE

ENVOI

Sir, strength is much ; but, an you're right,
Heredity's the lion's share ;
Wanting such sire, who matches quite
The Girl of the Argentière ?

NOTE.—Mr. A. E. W. Mason's heroine in *Running Water*, scaling the Aiguille d'Argentière as her first Alpine ascent, displays a wonderful instinct for mountaineering, which proves to be an unknown inheritance latent in her blood. You, my dear C. B., to whom the sight of this noble peak was so familiar, so intriguing, and yet so remote, led us yourself to begin that unforgettable three days' climbing with the Argentière, in order to satisfy our burning curiosity as to the young lady's performance. You can now contemplate the mountain with triumph and content.

FROM THE FELLSIDE

THIS heather from the hill I pluck,
And as I pluck I think of you ;
There's red for love and white for luck,
And both for comrades tried and true.

I pluck this heather on the hill,
A double talisman for you,
To win you good, to ward you ill,
If troth afar so much may do.

From hills austere this heather goes
To where new roses lap you round.
It yields in passion to the rose,
But at its heart, ah ! faith is found.

DOWN AWAY

WHAT are you doing this Midsummer Day

Down away, down under Capricorn ?

Your veldt is brown, your kopjes are grey,

But here is the waft of the springing hay,

And the rose that trod on the heels of May

To catch—dear heart—ere the song should fail,

The last love-call of the nightingale ;—

And the homely pink in sweetness spread

Loose-bordered about a formal bed,

When the dews lie white on the dawnlit grass

In a fond pretence pranked out to pass

For morning frost in a world of green ;—

And lo ! at nights from a fount unseen

In the honeyed depth of each fragrant cup

Wave upon wave, warm scents well up

Through silent garden, through darkening room,

And over the waves, through the charmed gloom,

A thousand thoughts put forth to sea

Let loose by a wakened memory ;

Frail craft and tenderly freighted all

And steering with Fancy for Admiral.

Each, nautilus-like, a pennon spreads—

A living web of sensitive threads

Aquiver to catch the breath that blows

From fairyland ; then lightly goes

DOWN AWAY

A thousand leagues o'er the lonely vast
As swift, as still as a dream, upborne
Half a world on till it finds you at last—
They call it "to-day!"—one wintry morn
Down away, down under Capricorn.

With you, ah strange! it is Midwinter Day,
Down away, down under Capricorn,
Where the seasons change though the dial stay,
And crisp and clear on a plain of grey,
Pursued and pursuer, in ruthless play
Speed dewless sun and shrivelling frost,
And lo! in the wake of their dancing tossed,
Whirling and swirling the yellow dust-devils
Leap at the hills and crowd thick on the levels,
And the green things vanish, for hide they must
When a thankless world is lapped in dust.
Do you long for the moonlight on English lawns,
To watch it fade in the summer dawns,
When the planets faint in the changing blue,
And for stars the lilies come shimmering through
The scented dusk's uncertainty?
To sit in the garden we know, maybe,
And hear the willows beside the lake
Their breathless moan in the still air make,
Or over the lawn as the dance begins
The wail at the heart of the violins?
It is home, with the tall familiar trees,
Dear faces and heart's dear certainties.
But you come not when the music calls;

DOWN AWAY

Under alien stars your willows mourn,
And no lilies shine when the soft dusk falls
On the land whose soul is the spirit of scorn
Down away, down under Capricorn.

Forgotten? Ah no, though long you stay
Down away, down under Capricorn.
Keep ready a haven by night and day
With love for a mark in the clear fairway,
And now maybe one, now maybe a score
Of my fairy fleet as they skirt your shore
Will see your mark and the fairway clear,
And out of the deep to your haven steer,
And land for cargo a thought of you.
"O friend," it signs, "to your friend be true,
Though under the spell of the South you range,
And new lights rise and the old lights change.
And some day, over the pathless track
My comrades sail, you must send one back,
Just to the sender who sent us forth,
Just to the home in the faithful North."
—You hear? You heed? Let it find me soon
To swear old pledges are not forsworn,
Old friends pushed out, old links outworn,
Though subtly held by a wizard moon
Your life-tides pulse to an alien tune
That would charm you fast to that far-off bourne
Down away, down under Capricorn.

A VISION OF MAY

RAPT in the presence of the secret god,

Silent, aloof—the priestess stands, nor sees
Vain crowd nor worshippers intent, who trod
The grapes of life and seek the sacred wine

Her chalice holds ; her heart is not with these ;
It broke with earth ; it waits the breath divine.

The dusky hair like night on her tense brow

Shadows the blue, dim, vision-haunted eyes ;
She seems by her wild, flower-heaped altar now
Some new Iseult, with knowledge all too great

Of grief and passion and the mysteries
Men love and dread, high heaven and nethermost fate

We kneel to her, scarce knowing if we kneel

To God or Priestess, Love or the Beloved.
O far-off eyes, your haunted depths reveal !

Touch us, pale hands ! Your burden is our peace.

Is the god dumb ? the woman's heart unmoved ?
Yet bring new flowers ; our worship shall not cease.

SPEEDWELL

SPEEDWELL, blue flower of happy name,
I send thee now blithe skylarks tell
Spring's watchword as their sweet acclaim—
Speed well.

Its buds on every fallow swell,
And the bright wish it bids me frame
Fills earth as music fills a shell.

A little flower of little fame
Is this to thee ; but it shall spell
For every season still the same
Speed well.

BABLOCKHITHE

GOOD-BYE to stream and sunny bank
And landward line of poplar-trees,
That slope adown in silver rank
Where lies the little inn at peace ;
And o'er the ferry, nigh at hand,
With tug of labourers weary-blithe,
Slow hay-wains leave the meadow-land,
And cross the stream at Bablockhithe.

Wild rose we have, and traveller's joy,
And round the prow a lily crown,
With meadowsweet about our feet,
As we row back to Oxford town.

Good-bye, sweet fields that Isis bound,
Slow stream of midsummer delight,
We needs must leave your golden ground,
And see the sun dissolve in night,
The happy sky, the stream aflame,
Cleft by the green bank's reedy ridge,
One picture in a grey stone frame
Beneath the arch of Godstow bridge.

Good-bye ! We have not spent in vain
The warm, slow hours of this long day ;

BABLOCKHITHE

They lull to rest the sense of strain
With music of the waterway ;
Good-bye ! the woodlands answer back
With wild birds' vesper psalmody ;
The ripples widen in our track,
And sway the sedge to breathe Good-bye !

Wild rose we have, and traveller's joy
And round the prow a lily crown,
With meadowsweet about our feet
As we row back to Oxford town.

JULY

WHEN every bud is come to blossom
And every bough is full of scent,
And honey-bees with ceaseless murmur
Crowd to the gardens of content :—
Ah ! then July
Is come anigh
And warm delight scarce leaves us time to sigh.

When life is like a slumbrous vision,
And buds of hope are flower-fulfilled,
When darkest fear by light is scattered,
And love in mute perfection stilled :—
Ah ! then July
Is come anigh,
And warm delight scarce leaves us time to sigh.

When we're assured a bright to-morrow
Succeeds the sunshine of to-day,
Nor ever sadness overshadows
Our happy heaven with sorrow grey :—
Ah ! then July
Is come anigh
And warm delight scarce leaves us time to sigh.

“ NINETEEN.”

THE days grow less with lengthening night,
But bracken-bed and songless brere
The waning sun has gilded bright,
And stained with red the forest sere.
The wet wind wails by hill and mere
And hurries mist through dell and dene,
And all the world is sad and drear
When you awake to be nineteen.

This is the day when dark and light
Divided crowns of empire wear,
And in these neutral hours unite
The circles of the strophic year,
For summer doffs her garlands here,
And autumn turns to gold their green,
Their flower to fruit, to sad their cheer,
When you awake to be nineteen.

With widening years your wider sight
Will see the dark of life draw near,
And wage with childhood's pure delight
A warfare dark with shades of fear.

“NINETEEN ”

Ah ! then across the dead days' bier
Childhood will lay what good has been,
Nobler to shine in this new sphere
When you awake to be nineteen.

ENVOI

Sister, with love for shield and spear,
You shall subdue and be a queen ;
Take love our gift and keep it, dear,
When you awake to be nineteen.

NOVEMBER

(This month signifies fidelity in friendship.)

MONTH of the golden leaves that fall and fall,
Spilling their gold on irresponsible earth,
What solace brings thy hand that makes this dearth,
What inward joy to feed the soul withal ?
For thine 'tis not with April's voice to call
The world to rapture in Love's passionate birth,
To lead high summer's pageants, nor the mirth
Of harvest with his yearly festival.

Thy hand that strips the boughs of their delight
Lays bare their gracious strength, too strong for scathe,
And for thy children holds the steadfast sign
Of the strong heart and constant ; theirs the right
To kindle love and keep it, faith for faith,
Love's best prerogative and most divine.

A MIDWINTER BIRTHDAY

WHAT garland wreathes your birthday, 'mid the snow
Of brawling winter, when the woodland kings,
Discrowned of summer, dare the buffetings
Of rebel winds that once did softly blow ?
For now no tiniest flower her face dares show,
But hides while to the storm the grim oak swings
Stark boughs embattled, and the pine still rings
With green his loneliness where no flowers grow.

Choose not the oak—strength reft of lovelier grace,
Nor jealous pine, who spurns earth's dearest gift ;
But this, whose fadeless boughs show tipped with fire,
Warmed with man's joy—this holly, round whose base
An armoury of thorns the leaves uplift,
But grow to smoothness as the stems aspire.

IN WINTER TIME

THIS is no cage that safe and warm,
 Little brown bird,
Tempts your wild heart, with scarce love's least alarm,
To pause and shelter here, and stay
A little, daring the untried—
Those fears that will not when they may,
Those startled flights when none affray,
 Shy comings, faint retreats,
 Leaping heart-beats,
Unschool'd, untamed—all laid aside,
For one still moment pacified.

Here is an hour's harbourage,
 Little brown bird,
To rest in and to leave ; it is no cage,
But foretaste of the unbuilt nest,
Where aching dream and vague desire
Unsatisfied, that sting your breast,
Shall melt into impassioned rest.

 Here sip felicity
 And then go free ;
Keep the glow kindled by my fire,
But leave remembrance for your hire.

SYLVESTER EVE

MIST in the hollow and dusk on the hill !
Islands of tree-tops peer through the grey,
Washed by the waves of a sea that is still,
Stirred by no breath of the busier day.

Silence of winter meets sadness of eve,
Pale, with no splendour of sunset and frost ;
Silvery-sombre the tissue they weave,
Out of the dreams of the days we have lost.

Stillness around and below and above !
Save once when loud in the leafless boughs—
Is it sudden wings of a scared wood-dove,
Or the passing soul of the year that I rouse ?

Once the far bells from the village unseen
Steal through the deadening wreaths of the fog ;
Once through the drip from the beech-boughs lean
Home calls in the bark of the farmyard dog.

You in the valley and I on the hill
So are beset by impalpable powers,
Blinding our senses, frustrating our will,
As we seek the true eyes that are seeking for ours.

SYLVESTER EVE

Hands may embrace not and eyes may not see ;
Blind worlds may part us, and darkness unmoved ;
Yet what if unclasped and unkissed we must be,
So the heart carries inly the presence beloved ?

MORNING IN LONDON

LONDON streets and a morn of grey,
Clouds that hurry but never break :—
Did I dream my dreams in the curtained night ?
Alas ! for the vision of eyes that wake !

Snarling winds from the leafless square
Leap at my heart and slash at my eyes ;
They whirl no dust but the dust of dreams ;
Wet comes ere the windswept pavement dries.

Spring has forgotten her way through the streets,
And you that should read me the spring in your gaze,
You that should light me the lamp that is quenched,
Have you, too, forgotten these many days ?

Stay ! A white thought flashes out of the gloom,
Like a seagull haunting a town-girt mere ;
Your voice came out of the void to-day,
And still it follows and still I hear.

Has spring forgotten ? Yet you have not.
I dream of the sun, past wind and rain,
For to-night—dear voice, sing the message anew—
I shall meet you bringing the spring again.

BALLADE OF ST. MARTIN'S CLOCK

GLAD is the feast of St. Valentine

When Town's black twilight turns to grey,
And in woodland walks at the snowdrop's sign
Love first dares dream of the coming May.

But for me, of a sudden, splashed streets grow gay,
And my heart leaps up with a joyous shock,

When at half-past five on my homeward way,
I can see the time by St. Martin's clock.

All winter the fogged street-lamps confine

My smarting sight to their dull display,
Where the shop-fronts flare and the flash-lights twine,
Roof-high, strange legends with fitful ray.

All winter I've longed for the lengthening day ;
Lo now, with never a warning knock,

Spring stands at the door—she has come to stay :
I can see the time by St. Martin's clock.

Pall Mall I passed gloomily ; who could divine

On Trafalgar Square what enchantment lay ?
It stirred my blood like a fairy wine,
Spring's spirit distilled by an April fay.

BALLADE OF ST. MARTIN'S CLOCK

Sure Nelson in stone might yield to its sway,
And turning, I vow, on his pillared block,
Clap his glass to his blindest eye and say
"I can see the time by St. Martin's clock."

ENVOI

Princess, if one impulse twin souls obey,
Does not yours feel its prison with mine unlock,
When at half-past five on my homeward way
I can see the time by St. Martin's clock?

SEAWARD

WERE I with you on the shining sea
 (Dance, brave billows and curdling foam !)
I would loose my soul from its workaday me,
Forgetting the rub of the London street,
The books to read and the men to meet,
The precious hours whose best has slipped
In tasting a tenth-rate manuscript.
While you should steer, I'd lie in the sun,
And on tired limbs let the sunbeams run,
Till evening falls and the sailing ends
 (O cradling waters !—O shoreless home !)
And the drifting stars bring close my friends.

Were I with you on the summer sea,
 (Dance, brave billows and crisping foam !)
O Mariner mine, you should sing for me
The songs too fine for my dust-dried voice,
The dreams that my secret heart rejoice,
Of the sea-queen fronting the sun or the gale
And she stands by the tiller and watches the sail ;
Of the dream-princess whose haunting eyes
No workaday spells can exorcise.
Dream, day ! Sing, night ! Make dreams come true,
 (O cradling waters !—O sea-swayed home !)
For the dream am I, and the song are you.

SEAWARD

Were I with you on the starlit sea,
 (Dance, brave billows, nor break in foam !)
The song and the dream should forge for me
The precious links of a jewelled rhyme
To bind us fast till the end of time ;
And voice that uttered and ear that heard
Should live as one in the poet's word,—
The word that calls with the call of the deep,
“ Dear heart, awake ! Is your soul asleep ?
Let it watch with mine, when dreams descend
 (O cradling waters ! O timeless home !)
Till the star-song is ours from end to end.”

BE STILL, CONTENT THEE

BE still, content thee, sweet my heart,
Thy love is near thee
Whose true eye sees thee as thou art,
Whose truth can hear thee.

Fear not for what thou think'st can mar
The heart thou givest ;
In thy true radiance as a star
To him thou livest.

The loveliness in thee unblown
He sees most truly,
Which to thyself shall Time make known,
Love labouring duly.

Fear not his eyes that look thee through,
They find thee dearer
Than thou dost dream while love is new
Nor thy sight clearer.

Fear not his presence ; he will take
Thy terrors nameless
Within his heart to sleep, and wake
Sweet joys and blameless.

BE STILL, CONTENT THEE

Be still, content thee, sweet my heart,
Sweetheart, content thee ;
Come to him even as thou art,
As Love hath sent thee.

FIRST LOSS

SHE is gone : Death's unremitting, unremorseful hand hath taken her
To his garths of desolation, silent home of spirits lone,
To a land where never voices from the living may awaken her
She is gone.

But her memory, sweet as music, haunts us with a holy tone,
And her life—for love and beauty, hope and strength have ne'er forsaken
her,
Lives in onward lives, with loving hearts for her memorial stone.

Now the doubt and heavy sorrow that in other days have shaken her
Fall away, and leave to guide us steadfast ways wherein she shone ;
Yet no more her voice can tell if we have known her or mistaken her,
She is gone.

THE HERB OF YOUTH

By what strange herb, gathered in midnight gloom
Of Colchian hills, her spell Medea wrought,
And once again to youthful glory brought
Old age, through the dread gates of death and doom,
None knows,—and ah ! how few would dare assume
A gift with so deep desolation fraught ;
New life without old friends, love dearly sought
To seek anew ; for fruit, uncertain bloom.

But here no bodily enchantment is
That wins me back towards youth full many a year ;
Rather as some gnarled tree at April's kiss
Remembers spring, so come to me, most dear,
A boy's delight, a brother's memories,
In the clear sunlight of those childlike eyes.

BYGONE SPRING

FOR me, you say, there blooms no second spring
Who have outlived the first, and so outgrown
The brimming faculty of life—have known
My lyric hour, my April, blossoming
When Love came on passion-breathèd wing,
By that same breath forspent and earthward blown :—
Seen sober harvest reaped where joy had sown,
And stilled the rapture that once used to sing.

No second spring ! I tell you, Love's not spent
With its first flame ;—'tis the deep glowing pyre
Whose ash runs red at the true lover's breath :—
The bride-bloom, that yearlong with fruit is blent,
The spirit of dreams, the soul of earth's desire,
Whose living is our life, whose end our death.

THE INHERITOR

BABY mine, how strange to see
Other faces blent in thine,
Other greatness touching thee,
Baby mine.

Something in a curve or line
Here revives thine ancestry :
Each on thee has laid his sign.

And thyself ? Ah ! thou for me
Shalt this heritage enshrine ;
All I was not, thou shalt be,
Baby mine !

REDITUS VERIS

SAD heart and weary brain—they cried to you
Nor cried in vain,
For comfort in old sorrow ever new,
For ease in grip of unforgetting pain,
Griefs that at heel of bold and overt cares
With sly, still, jackal paw steal round the camp
Of pale Endurance, and at unawares
Ambush the haggard watch of sleepless eyes.
Then through the unprobed dark—ah sweet and wise !
Your pity lit a lamp, a little lamp,
With secret tears and tenderness and ruth
For fragrant oil to burn, such as once love
For ward and worship, altar and watchfire kept
Ablaze ; the dread, the dark, suspect, uncouth,
Shrank back, nor through that luminous ring dared move
Where love kept ward, and lovers fearless slept.

REDITUS VERIS

Sad heart and weary brain—they came to you
When April rain
Gentled the unkind air : the lost sun drew
New life to play at hide and seek again
Down the shrunk ways that stretch from dryad heart
To each least twig, dull tipped with barren pearls
Waiting the touch of the Great Jeweller's art.
In your heart too brimmed springtide, overflowed
Richly on mine ; for April rain bestowed
Compassion, that the close-locked bud unfurls
Of frozen hope ; for April sun the glow
That is youth's self, pulsing up through the touch
Of comfort-laden hands, or looks that thrill,
Falling from understanding eyes, and lo !
The numb heart stirred ; grief half relaxed her clutch ;
The wine of life renewed the nerveless will.

TRIOLETS

CHARTERHOUSE high on the hill
Keeps the last kiss of the sun,
Though the winds buffet at will
Charterhouse high on the hill.
Here our true rose-gardens still
Bloom, for though summer be done,
Charterhouse high on the hill
Keeps the last kiss of the sun.

Charterhouse watches the vale
Over the gathering night ;
Hillside and homestead grow pale,
Charterhouse watches the vale.
So as life's memories fail,
One, we say, still is in light ;
Charterhouse watches the vale
Over the gathering night.

A BEETHOVEN NIGHT

MUSIC awaits you. Let it melt
Round aching heart and weary sense,
Like night-dew on parched summer grass,
Cool-fingered with beneficence.

Is the soul choked, the heart oppressed,
With hopes unspoken, foiled, denied ?
Adelaida sweeps you free
Full flood on love's impassioned tide.

Does troth seem cold, Truth cloak his face ?
Hark ! *Leonora's* faith dares all :
Outsings the shadow even where Death
Races the rescuer's trumpet call.

Is life too heavy, thought made dumb
With the old questioning " To what end ? "
Grief-taught, the Master, too, heard *Fate*
Knock at the door, yet would not bend.

Those summoning notes that high and low
Now leap in surge, now ripple by,
As though the inexorable should smile
And say : " Love, too, and life am I,"

A BEETHOVEN NIGHT

These you shall hear to-night begin
The symphony's splendour ; then half drowned
In beauty, pierce the charmed ear,
Whispering the Infinite in their sound.

Fate knocks—you hear ?—serenely stern,
Bars and unbars :—the Master knew,
And from her strength his harmonies
A sustenance immortal drew.

He knew, he felt—and in his hand
Music became no weakling toy,
But, resolute and strong, bade man
Mingle Necessity and Joy.

THE “ UNFINISHED ” SYMPHONY

2ND MOVEMENT

WHENCE, ah ! whence this bubbling stream,
With merry shallows, with sombre deeps ?
You shall plunge your hands where the lilies dream,
You shall cool your face where the water leaps.

A jocund stream—it is life in the sun,
It is joy and struggle, and love and strife,
And beauty for all till its course be run ;
O stream, we drink of you—such be our life !

Whence, ah ! whence ? It seems to flow
Part from the far-away mountain pass,
Part from a cleft in the rocks below,
Where the trees stand back from the shining grass.

Come with me up to the old grey rocks,
Where the stream slips out from an arching roof ;
No shepherd is here with his nibbling flocks,
The very trees stand waiting, aloof.

THE " UNFINISHED " SYMPHONY

See, under the arch, in a hollow cool
Half wrought by nature and half by art,
Our stream's pure source, foursquare—a pool
Breathless, expectant—a thing apart.

Shadowy clear the water lies,
Shadowy dark the rifted walls ;
And slowly dawning on troubled eyes,
A fronded grace from the shadow falls.

'Tis the pool of life ; by a nether spring
Fed, and brimmed by a dropping-well :
Here surging powers that darkly swing,
Here love that falls with its guiding spell.

.

Kneel on the rough-squared slab at the edge of the pool
Kneel with me ; hand in hand, and eye with eye
Gaze through the dark where deeper shadows rule
The liquid floor in dim translucency.

Strain your clear eyes ; 'tis life wells from the deep ;
You guess it by the sand-grains set a-dance,
By the slow-swaying weeds whose spirals sweep
Strange rhythms, like music stealing through a trance.

Plunge deep your look ; this hour you seem to know
Life's heart of hearts, though these same pulses move
The tiny ripples that in mischief throw
Fanciful gleams and tricksome lights above.

THE " UNFINISHED " SYMPHONY

The air's all music :—happy melodies
And rich embroideries of woven sounds :
Grave notes that yield to glad : bright themes that seize
Immortal joys to fill our mortal bounds.

The air's all music :—all joy—all delight :
A summer day, with bees among the flowers,
Itself alive with passionate beauty. Night
Prevails not utterly against these hours.

.
All beautiful ! Yet hark ! that other strain !
Slanting across the rest that sink or swell,
Softly insistent, sweet as summer rain,
Again !—you hear ? and yet again !
The limpid cadence of love's dropping-well.

What notes are these ? What strain of ecstasy,
Where only tears can speak the imprisoned joy ?
The Genius strung its quivering stars to be
The sign of love's serenity
Down all the changing scale of life's employ.

Tears, happy tears of love's true wakening
Are these, and ever through life's music run,
And ever drop to fill the secret spring
Like pearls that from a loosened string
Fall, fall, fall, fall—down dropping one by one.

ENCELADUS

(SUGGESTED BY TCHAIKOWSKI'S "SYMPHONIE
PATHÉTIQUE")

I. WAR WITH THE GODS

TITANS ! Of mighty forces mighty inheritors,
Huge brood of elemental Earth,
Crouch no more helpless—idly dismayed,
Reft of your birthright, robbed of a world !
Doom is not yet, though these young upstart powers
Have seized the Olympian throne, and lord it now
Over the Earth and us the Sons of Earth.

But up ! let loose old Chaos, long subdued ;
With storm and dread eclipse, with flood and fire,
Fire of Earth's smouldering wrath from the depths new-awakened ;
Floods tempest-born, hill-gathered, impetuous,
Darkness quenching the arrowy shafts of the Sun-god—
With lightnings unleashed, with earthquake and avalanche,
Stroke and shock of our o'erwhelming strength,
Assail them, destroy them, hurl down from the throne
These puny godlets, the delicate darlings of mannish form,
Who with mere craft and cunning have cajoled
Our careless might, and filched our sway, and laugh
To see our dull, slow, unavailing mass.

ENCELADUS

Up ! Up ! Porphyryon, Mimas ; up ! Typhoeus, breather
of fire ;

Alcyoneus, and ye, strong in a hundred hands,
Gyas and huge Briareus. Stay not now,
Stay not to crush the lesser brood of hate,
The gods' creation of small pricking things
Who swarm like spiteful ants about our ways,
And plague and pinch us out of all our haunts
From long-backed Erymanthus and the cave
Taenarian, dreadful gate of Dis, deep cleft
Where the last mountains front the southern sea,
To hill-girt Thessaly, of horse and hound
Beloved, and untamed Thrace, far stretched between
Strymon's bird-haunted fen and Haemus' snow.

Up ! brothers ! 'Tis Enceladus calls ; his voice
The cry of Earth our Mother, fierce and free,
Of Earth our Mother, with us dispossessed
Of her strong attributes, by no weak ruth
Or melting pity moved to hold her hand
From uttermost fulfilment of her will.
Our sovereign strength is challenged by the gods ;
Destroy them,—we the strong shall rule again ;
Our will, the balanced march of restless powers,
Is let by man's weak cries to pitiful gods ;—
Destroy them, and our will is law again.

So to the mountains, where they camp in fear,
Waiting half-earthly succour, for alone
The gods may not prevail. Tear up the hills
For stepping-stones to the Olympian height ;
Against them Ossa stands ; on Ossa pile
The mass of Pelion ; so shall we scale

ENCELADUS

The cliffs they deem impregnable, and face
Equal their cowering line. There once arrived,
Impetuous guests of all unwilling hosts,
Out of your hundred hands spare one apiece
To grip each false right hand of all that crew,
And with rude greeting grapple them in such sort
That never more shall any call us cold,
Unmoved by wrongs, unready to repay.

Up then to the battle,
The moment supreme ;
Let the depths tremble, the mountains fail ;
Let Earth's nether flames outflash and outburn
The new-wrought Olympian bolts ;
Let heaven's palaces fall and the new gods
Yield to the ancient sovereignty of Earth.

ENCELADUS

II. CHORIC SONG OF THE SICILIAN PEASANTS MAKING DEVOUT PILGRIMAGE TO THE SUMMIT OF ETNA

UP! Up! Over the mountain clear dawn, the hound of day,
 Shepherds home the stars ;
Sunshafts strike on the snow-peak,
 And swift before the stroke
From hoary forest and naked hill
 Faints the tremulous dew and floats
 Dimly in vapour away.

Come forth out of the deep glen, from farms that nestle close,
 Ringed about with trees,
Chestnuts sweet in the warm sun,
 And terraced olive-yards.
By green glades dance where the sun breaks in,
 Tread the windflowers white and blue,
 Arm you with asphodel spears.

Pine woods that in their dark ranks mount guard above the glen,
 Strong against the storm,
Cool caves, Oread-haunted,
 And rocks of hanging shade
With woodsorrel decked and maidenhair,
 Leave unvisited ; dancing feet
 Turn to the wilder expanse,

Far tracts perilous neighboured to heaven's high serene,
 Sunny homes divine,
Where Earth's warden the Sun-god,
 And Thunderer supreme,

ENCELADUS

Regard transgressors whose impious feet
Idly trample the unprofaned
Stern, unapproachable heights.

Unharm'd, we unoffending leap forth upon the steep
Guarded by the gods ;
Sing we victory god-won,
The might divine acclaim,
Who smote the strength of the insolent,
Force insensate, abhorred of gods,
Violence hated of men.

Dark Earth, Mother who bare them, deep, deep again in dark
Hides the Sons of Earth ;
Etna, prison tremendous,
Holds undefeated still
In mind their leader Enceladus,
Breathing fire of the doom he serves,
Menace to mortals anear.

Vain, vain lust of destruction ! For lo ! as if to mock
Unrepentant ill,
Peace, awe, beauty abide here,
Whose woof astir with life
Enwraps that prison implacable,
Laced with snow where the smoke curls through,
Gemmed with the wildings of spring.

ENCELADUS

Up then ! Over the mountain leap forth with eager feet,
Dance with merry song ;
Great gods wait for our worship,
And joy attends our feet.
With airy footing approach the heights
Now made holy, a shrine for men,
Holding the peril afar.

ENCELADUS

III. BENEATH ETNA

ENCELADUS SPEAKS

DEFEATED ! Abandoned ! Lone into darkness hurled !

Never again to see

The clear, good light smile on the upper world !

Never more to go free

Taking the largesse of the springtide woods

That the shy dawn with wonder floods ;

Or the turfy hollows among the hills, close cropped by nibbling sheep,

And grey rocks hot in the noonday sun

And rills that cool in their shelter run

By the shepherd's haunt that all day long the backward shadows keep.

Peneus shall see me haunting his banks no more

Where from green Thessaly

He gathers up his dallying streams to pour

One rush of ecstasy

Through the wild glen, deep cleaving where I pass

The adverse mountain's sullen mass.

Nevermore with arrow on string shall I mark the roedeer steal at dawn

From mountain thicket to pasture new,

His trail a shade in the silver dew,

And I his tracker a darker shade by wood and hanging lawn.

Abandoned ! Forgotten ! Earth and her younger brood,

Children of Joy and Day,

Thought nor remembrance nor solicitude

Spare for us Earthborn, prey

To wrath and blindness and unvenged despair.

They live, and know no other care.

ENCELADUS

We have fought for the glory of Earth, are destroyed, bruised, lost, out of mind ;

They have peace, and cringe to the lofty gods :

They have life, and bow to their stinging rods ;

Earth Mother forgets her eldest birth in the joy of a well-starred kind.

Here darkness consumes me, save when the fires of doom

Strain at the leash of Hate ;

Here silence chokes me, save when through the gloom

I hear foreboding Fate.

Dim seen, dim heard, visions of wrath to be

Old Chaos sends to comfort me,

When the might and cunning of man uncurbed, in overweening pride,

Shall turn on Man the torrent of strife,

And slake his lust in his brother's life,

And then the slayer in turn be slain his hateful wealth beside.

The great gods who gave them carelessly of their fire

Shall watch it blaze awry

Fanned by my jealous breath ; a self-lit pyre

Where man burns ceaselessly.

The gods who bound me mock beyond my reach ;

So let their favourite's ruin teach

How Earth that vainly prisons the Earthborn shall feel his power still,

And shuddering deep with his gathering rage

Breathe up from the depths for this hateful age

His hate of the Makers, his scorn of the Made, his undefeated will.

In darkness, abandoned, yet is some comfort here

For my immortal pangs ;

The upstart's equal pain, where slow-drawn Fear

And Hatred set their fangs.

ENCELADUS

O Chaos, rise from out the dark, whence I
May never pass to liberty !
It is dark ; let the fires primeval be lit in Man's Olympian lamp ;
 I am bound ; let the bonds of the new law break.
 Gods baffled, my sight and my freedom make
For all the fetters that all their powers on the fallen Earthborn clamp.

RASPLATA

(Rasplata, the " Reckoning," was the first reckoning that Nemesis took of the fated Czardom, and it was paid in blood at Port Arthur and Tsushima.)

ROUND the Czar, the great White Czar of all the Russias,
Gathered his mighty men, his warriors, priests and counsellors,
Grand Dukes, princes, lords of the lives of the toiling peasantry,
Soldiers reckless of bloodshed, priests whose high superstitions
Fence with majestic faith and fervour for sacred panoply.

" Little Father," the Czar, adored of patient multitudes.

Who shall call their works to account—bid answer for power ?

None but themselves ; no challenge rings out to their insolent hour,

" Rasplata " !

Not the love of their land nor giving of self in sacrifice
Moved their souls ; but as the eagles are gathered together
There where the carcase lies, so in their fierce rapacity
Princes, soldiers, priests, pillars of high autocracy,
Seized on office and power, enslaving the heart of their motherland,
Filching the moneys of State, battenning fat on iniquity.

Banished or slain were the murmurers ; yet in the ear of Fate

Lingered their murmur : " Reckoning comes to you soon or late :

Rasplata ! "

Starved were the fighting men, the ships were robbed of their armament,
All unequipped, unpractised the strength of the mighty millions ;
Poor the nation, but rich and splendid the great men's revelry,
Rich their minions in office, their emulous rivals in bloodsucking ;

RASPLATA

Nearer the edge of destruction, the hate of avengers implacable,
Deeper the craft of false friends, planning a ruin precipitate.

Loud grew the sound in the ears of Fate, and lo ! on her lips
Came the first whisper of doom : " Not far is the day of eclipse :
Rasplata ! "

Greed again grasped, and lo ! at the touch, the fires of destiny
Flashed out on sea and land ; from end to end the vast continent
Travailed in fruitless anguish of struggle foredoomed to frustration,
Void of the means to accomplish ; in the field the leaders at variance,
Armies that patiently suffered ; the splendid fortress impregnable
Yielded up by a braggart, the favoured minion of Emperors.

Loud and louder the menace ; and those who had bowed in awe
To the might of empire grew ware of the work of a mightier law,
Rasplata !

Last, the gambler's throw that would snatch reluctant victory
Out of the unprepared, impossible hazard ; and oceanward
Sailed the hapless armada to pay the last of the reckoning,
Helpless, slow, unwieldy prey for the sea-hunters waiting it,
Ready, alert, fierce-fanged—Ah pitiful courage, and merciful
Plunge where the sea brought death for balm to the long-drawn agony !

Loud rang the word of Fate ; they heard it and fell dismayed,
The princes who owed the reckoning ; but woe for the souls who paid,
Rasplata !

ABSCHIED

THE LAST OF SCHUMANN'S " WALDSCENEN "

THROUGH these green aisles the westering sun
Pierces the depths with level ray ;
The silver beech-boles burn to gold,
The greenwood shadows faint to grey.

Stay yet one hour—the sun still hangs
Gay trappings on the shadowed trees ;
One last hour—though the *Chase* is done,
The *Lone Flowers* shudder in the breeze.

Look once more—though the *Prophet Bird*
Is silent by the *Haunted Glade*,
Then go, while yet the warm impress
Clings to you, joyous, undismayed.

WHEN STORMS ARE DONE

WHEN storms are done, and the waves cease to boom
Long menace, or with sickening terror stun
Thought and clear will, bowed to some helpless doom
When storms are done,

Then twice blest smile the seas ; twice blest the sun
Drives out dim ghosts from the soul's haunted room ;
Twice blest the haven after anguish won.

Forget not. Memory for a foil holds gloom
To the intense light ; but rejoice, as none
Like those rejoice, who life nigh lost resume
When storms are done.

OXFORD REVISITED

CITY of ardent youth's eternal fire
And hope unalterable, youth's constant guest,
How cold to-night on thine impassive breast
Lies the May moon of unfulfilled desire !
That light wherein young love once dared conspire
With strong ambition on life's ultimate quest,
And the heart dreamed fulfilment near, oppressed
By no surmise of failure, climbing higher.

But now enchantment weaves its spells awry ;
Those high resolves, poor ghosts with piteous eyes,
Start from the moonlit streets at every turn,
And wail regret. Stay ! though ambitions fly,
Love has enriched the tale of simple days ;
Still clear and strong his splendours inly burn.

THE WHITE AND THE RED

You wore my flowers in your belt,
The heather red, the heather white ;
Took half the luck you shared with me,
And all the love I dared to plight.

The white for gage of Fortune's smile,
Our eager hearts' too happy creed,
The deep red for the running fire
That is the heart of truth indeed.

Blest sign ! Shall I not dare believe
You choose to share your fate with mine,
And take the red flame from my heart
To light in yours the fire divine ?

NEW YEAR, 1919

YEARS of the wolf, farewell—a glad farewell !
And war-racked Pity, hail !
As now once more, surprised and timorous,
New Year peeps from under the Old Year's veil.

Four New Years have we seen, sad hoping,
Now the fifth, with a torch on high,
Lights the midnight with a starry signal—
O follow, follow, till the dawn be nigh.

Four long years ! And to-day with sudden respite
Grief with his gaunt wolf-pack stays on his hunting trail,
And Sorrow, the heart's familiar guest unsleeping,
Lies in the inmost chamber, quiet and still and pale.

Put off grieving while we welcome the beloved come back to us ;
Put on joy—and yet remember those that come not back again ;
They have laid the deep foundations of the new world we shall build for
us,
And joy renewing in grief remembered shall wake as the bud in the
swelling rain.

THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

THERE is a land that's only seen
By Fancy's retrospective eye,
Which on life's highway still can spy
Stray signposts pointing right or left,
To purple hills or woodlands green,
Wide plain or secret valley, cleft
In some huge mountain's shadowy side,
Where dread and melancholy hide.
To right and left the signposts stand,
Untrodden paths on either hand,
Yet all lead out to one same land,
The land no living eye has seen,
The wonderland of Might-have-been.

Grant I now live by sober prose,
No "hint of blue" to turn my brose
To "turtle," still I once aspired
(Oh! do not this for sin impute
To callow youth—all young folks do't)
To be a Poet! Nature fired,
Methought, the furnace of my heart;
Its stokehold glowed with conscious art;
Its steam-gauge marked poetic force
In latent power of countless horse;

THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

But, somehow, Nature did not fit
Proportioned gear for using it ;
Some valve was choked ; alas, I found
Too oft the wheels would not go round !
And so I've missed the crown of bay
That else were surely mine to-day,
Nor mine's a dwelling on Parnassus
Gracing a tenth-edition peak :—
Unmarked among the middle classes
A modest Surrey home I seek.

Pass, strenuous heights where we divine
The presence of the inspiring Nine !
Pass : turn to this, this shadowy sign
Prefiguring worlds as blue as these—
Blue clay, Blue Mountains, blue gum-trees :
Not Attic wit, but Austral wealth,
Expansion, democratic health,
And streams that tempt a fiercer thirst
Than draughts from tinct of matter free,
Where art is last, and gold is first,
Pactolus and not Castaly.

Sixty years since 'twas no great town
'Twixt bush and beach came nestling down,
And, for the wool that filled her sheds,
Watched the scant shipping pass the " Heads."
Sixty years since, his heart aflame
For ventures new, my grandsire came,
Since, high or low by fortune tossed,
His hopes remained, whate'er was lost.

THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

He was a rover, quick to try
And quick to leave, if luck seemed shy ;
With ardent, speculative glance
In Mathematics as Finance ;
Warm, generous, easy, too oft known
For all men's friend except his own.
He one time with his partner held
A strip of seaside land ; it spelled
Millions, should once the infant town
Outgrow its cradle. Now, to crown
A sovran city, it is set
With traffic's gleaming coronet
Of wharf and warehouse, jetty, dock,
And Custom House and business block,
And round the Heads rich argosies,
An endless fleet, crowd to the quays.

To wait was long ; he spied elsewhere
Some speedier gain and sold his share,
Impatient, ere its hour had struck,
To be beforehand with his luck.
Had but his patience matched his zeal,
Content to wait on Fortune's wheel,
Had his chief study been to see
His duty to posterity,
I might have been tenfold his heir,
Colonial Magnate, millionaire,
Perhaps a Premier and a Knight
(The title stays when place takes flight),
Somewhat, at least, a politician,
Though most, I fear, in opposition,

THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

Coquetting with the Labour vote
To keep the Marxite from my throat,
And locally, with harmless swagger,
Known as King Dick of Wagga Wagga.

Pass ! On the path I follow next
Problems perhaps are less perplexed.
There's comfort in the thought that Sydney
Best suits men of another kidney.

This sign shows forth with gracious hand
A city in a mellow land,
City of dreams and haunted spires
And ancient thought whose generous fires
Glow through the problems of to-day :—
My city once in the glad May
Of budding minds that feel the sun
And sap through inmost fibres run.

What promptings of enthusiasm
Then spurred me as I faced the chasm
That fronts a youngster, right ahead,
Betwixt a First and daily bread :
To guide the State, to lead research,
To ply the pen, the tongue, the birch,
In Fleet Street find life's roving call,
Or chartered safety in Whitehall,
Or watch beyond the uncrossed Bar
The Woolsack for a guiding star,
Or if not these, at least begin
Where the Schools end : essay to win
A Fellowship, that prop sublime
For conscious worth and feet that climb.

THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

Had not a whisper indiscreet
Turned from this path submissive feet,
I might have worn a Doctor's gown
In the grey streets of Oxford town,
And with these outward pomps put on
The shining nature of the don,
And ah ! by this I might have been
Perhaps a Head, at least a Dean,
(A Dean, that is, without the gaiters,
And though not " Very Reverend," still
The wielder of the College will,
Awful to youthful dissipators,
And in his high, didactic sphere
Mental and moral Grand Vizier).

Pass, vain dreams, pass ; my well-trod ways
Are less romantic, yet I praise
The present ; modest though it be
'Tis portioned with felicity.
And though dream-worlds may seem the best—
In dreams—I know and choose the rest,
And leave untried, untouched, unseen,
The marvels of the Might-have-been.

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